Ieſ. I wiſh your Lady-ſhip all hearts content.
Por. I thanke you for your wiſh, and am well pleaſd
To wiſh it backe on you: farewell *Ieſſica*. *Exeunt.*
Now *Balthaſer*, as I haue euer found thee honeſt true,
So let me finde thee ſtill: Take this ſame Letter,
And vſe thou all th'indeuour of a man
In ſpeede to *Mantua*; ſee thou render this
Into my Coſins hands, Doctor *Belario*,
And looke what notes and garments he doth giue thee,
Bring them I pray thee with imagin'd ſpeede
Vnto the Tranect, to the common Ferry
Which trades to Venice: waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone, I ſhall be there before thee.
Bai. Madam, I go with all conuenient ſpeede. *Exit.*
Por. Come on *Nerriſſa*, I haue worke in hand
That you yet know not of. Wee'l ſee our husbands
Before they thinke of vs.
Ner. Shall they ſee vs?
Por. They ſhall *Nerriſſa*: but in ſuch a habite,
That they ſhall thinke we are accompliſhed
With that we lacke. Ile hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparreld like yong men,
Ile proue the prettier fellow of the two,
And weare my dagger with the brauer grace,
And ſpeake betweene the change of man and boy,
With a reede voice, and turne two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeake of frayes
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lyes,
How honourable Ladies ſought my loue,
Which I denying, they fell ſicke and dyed:
I could not doe withall. Then ile repent,
And wiſh for all that, that I had not kill'd them;
And twenty of theſe punie lies ile tell,
That men ſhall ſweare I haue diſcontinued ſchoole
Aboue a twelue-month. I haue within my minde
A thouſand raw trickes of theſe bragging iackes,
VVhich

VVhich I will practiſe.
Ner. VVhy, ſhall we turne to men?
Por. Fie, what a queſtion's that,
If thou wert nere a lewd interpreter:
But come, ile tell thee all my whole deuice
VVhen I am in my Coach, which ſtayes for vs
At the Parke gate; and therefore haſt away,
For we muſt meaſure twenty miles to day.

Enter Clowne and Ieſſica.

Clo. Yes truly, for looke you, the ſinnes of the Fa
be laid vpon the children, therefore I promiſe ye I fe
was alwayes plaine with you, and ſo now I ſpeake my
of the matrer: therefore be a good cheere, for truly I
are damn'd, ther is but one hope in it that can do you
and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.
Ieſ. And what hope is that I pray thee?
Clo. Marry you may partly hope that your Fathe
not, that you are not the Iewes daughter.
Ieſſi. That were a kind of baſtard hope indeede, ſo
my mother ſhould be viſited vpon me.
Clo. Truely then I feare you are damn'd both by F
Mother: thus when I ſhun *Scilla* your father, I fal into
your mother; well, you are gone both wayes.
Ieſ. I ſhall be ſau'd by my husband, he hath made
ſtian.
Clo. Truly the more to blame he; we were Chriſti
before, e'ne as many as could well liue one by anothe
king of Chriſtians will raiſe the price of hogs, if we g
be Porke-eaters, we ſhall not ſhortly haue a raſher o
for money.

Enter Lorenzo.

Ieſ. Ile tel my husband *Lancelet* what you ſay, here
Lor. I ſhall grow iealous of you ſhortly *Lancelet*, if